☆ UNDER ☆ TWO FLAGS

By "Ouida"

A Story of Love, War, Intrigue, * Horse-Racing and Adventure. *

STNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS. STROPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.
Bertie, Cecil. officer in a crack British regiment and son of a nobleman, takes on him self the blame for a forgery committed by his younger brother Berkeley, and with his servant. Rake, escapes to Algeria, where the two enlist in the Chasacure d'Afrique. He is supposed by his friends to have been killed in a railway accident. Alone of all who kee Cecil. his dearest friend, the Marquis of Rockinghani (known as 'the Serapit'), roluses to telleve him gdity. Twelve yours pass. Cecil is the ido) of his fellow-soldiers, when the committee of the color of the hard of hereism and becomes a corporal fauth of hereism and becomes a corporal for the solding the hard of his color, the Marquis de Chaleauroy, prevents him to the Marquis de Chaleauroy, prevents him to the Marquis of Chaleauroy, prevents him to the Marquis of Chaleauroy, prevents him to the hard of his color, the hard of his color of the hard of his color of the hard of her as upnexed by cash life. To Day delicates for a wounded comrade Bertle tries to sell to a fattive dealer some carvings he has made. The dealer refuses them.

CHAPTER XI.

get him the ice?" he wondered. "Oh, if
I had only one of the lumps that used
to float in our classet cup!"

As he left the den, a military fairy.

As he left the den, a military fairy.

As he left the den, a military fairy, all gay with blue and crimson, like the control of the Aristocrat control of the control meseschaum in her scarlet lips and a meseschaum in her scarlet lips and a werld of wrath in her bright black eyes, dashed past him into the darkness withm, and before the dealer knew or freemt of her tossed up the old man's little shrivefied frame like a shuttle-cook, shook him till he shook like custook, shook him till he shook like custook him till he shook like custook him till he shook like custook, shook him till he shook like custook him till he

and the things were worth a shelk's ransom. Btsy, you must not give him too much, or he will know it he called me unsexed—unse the a word about me if you dare; one whisper only, and my Spahis shall out your throat from ear to ear. Off! or you shall have a bullet to quicken your steps; misers dance well when pistels play the minuet!"

Cigarette's Order, "Run for Your Life!"

With which exordium the Amie du Towness shook her culput at every epithet, emptied out a shower of gold bosom of her uniform, forced it into the dealer's hands, hurled him out of his own door, and draw her pretty weapon with a clash from her sash. 'Run for your life!-and do just what

I bid you, or a shot shall crash your skull in as sure as my name to

The little old dealer flew as fast as his limbs would carry him, clutching the coins in his horny hands. He was terrified to a mortal anguish, and had not a thought of resisting or disobeying her; he knew the fame of Cigarettefire at a man as carelessly as at a favored cats, saving many from going into the Zouaves' soup-caldrons, and favored civilians not at all; and knew that at her rallying cry all the sabres about the town would be drawn without | pay a second's deliberation, and sheathed

ments of Africa. having been in jest, and of his tervent-

atelle? Pouf! They are all children there-they will love the toys. Take the money, I pray you, take the money!"

A Pledge of Silence, A Threat and a Blow.

the man was in earnest, and thought party had entered. but little of his repentance and trepidation, for the citizens were all afraid round. of slighting or annoying a soldier. stretched out his hand and took the

old pride that would not stilled, yet gladly for the sake of the Chasseur dying yonder, growing delirious and retching in want of one touch of the ice that was spoiled by the ton weight to keep cool the wines and the fish of M. le Marquis de Chateauroy. The trader returned to his shop, where Cigarette awaited him.

"You did it? That is well. Now, see here-one word of me, now or ever after, and there is a little present that will come to you, hot and quick from Cigarotte," said the little Friend of the Flag, with a sententious sternness that

Flag, with a sententious sternness that reads. The dealer refuses them.

CHAPTER XI.

(Continued.)

A Matter of Barter.

ECIL west out of the place without a word; his thoughts were with Leon Ramon, and the inso-time accarce touched him. "How shall I get him the fee?" he wondered. "Oh, if and as hot an oath.

Flag, with a sententious sternness that required and shut his eyes as she held a buildet close to his sight, then dropped it with an ominous thud in her pistol barrel.

"Not a syllable, never a syllable," the atammered; "and it I had known you were in love with him, ma belle"—A box on his ears sent him across his own counter.

"In love? Parblou! I detest the fellow!" said Cigarette, with flery soorn and as hot an oath.

the signal signal is a same of La Grace, and set him down bruised, breathless and terrified out of his wita.

"tah, chenapah!" orded Cigarette, with system of slang usterly untranslatable, "They will light my cooking fire," she said, contemptiously, as she vaulted lightly over the counter into the street and piposetted like a bit of fantoccini. He wanted the money and you recused life a wound up to waltz forever, is long the slope of the crowded Babason of them one other men's miseries! Run after mighty Spahis and the trudging Bedouin mules, for all knew that if they did not she would make it for herself, over their heads or above their prostrate bodies.

sexed"—and with each repetition of the word so bitter because vaguely admitted to be true, with her cheeks scarlet and her eyes aflame, and her hands clinched, she flung one of the ivory wreaths on to the pavement and stamped on it with her spurred heel until the carvings were ground into powdered fragments—stamped, as though it were a living foe, and mer steel-bound foot were treading out all its life with burning hate and pittless venom.

venom.

In the act her passion exhausted it self, as the evil of such warm, impetuous, tender natures will; she was very still, and looked at the ruin she had done with regret and a touch of

had done with regret and a touch of contrition.

"It was very pretty—and cost him weeks of labor, perhaps," she thought. "He is an aristocrat—he has such gifts as this—and yet he is in the ranks, has no country, is so poor that he is gind of a dealer's pittance, and must sell all this beauty to get a slice of meion for Leon Ramon!" she thought while the slivery moon strayed in through a broken arch, and fell on an ivory coil of twisted lenticus leaves and river, grasses.

And, lost in a musing pity, Cigarette forgot her vow of vengeance.

CHAPTER XII. The Other Woman.

HE Chasseurs, in their barracks were loafing at ease; some of them engaged on carvings and other trifles to eke out their slender

The laughter, the work and the clat in anything or anybody that had of- ter of conflicting tongues were at their fended her; for Cigarette was, in her height; Cecil sat, now listening, now fashion, Generalissima of all the regi- losing himself in thought, while he gave the last touch to some carvings before The dealer ran with all the speed of him. They were a set of chessmen terror, and overtook Cecil, who was which it had taken him years to find going slowly onward to the barracks. | materials for and to perfect; the white "Are you serious?" Cecil asked in men were in ivory, the black in wainut, surprise at the large amount as the and were two opposing squadrons of little man panted out apologies, en- French troops and of mounted Arabs. treaties, and protestations of his only Beautifully carved, with every detail of costume rigid to truth, they were his ly desiring to buy the carvings at his masterpiece, though they had only been own price, as he knew of a great col- taken up at any odd ten minutes that lector in Paris to whom he needed to had happened to be unoccupied during the last three or four years. The chess-"Serious! Indeed am I serious, M. le men had been about with him in so Caporal," pleaded the curiosity trader, many places and under canvas so long. turning his head in agonized fear to see from the time he chipped out their first if the vivandlere's pistol was behind Zouave pawn as he lay in the broiling "The things will be worth a great heat of Oran prostrate by a dry brook's deal to me where I shall sell them stony channel, that he scarcely cared to again, and though they are but baga- part with them, and had refused to let telles, what is Paris itself but one bag. Pake offer them for sale, with all the rest of the carvings. Stooping over them, he did not notice the doors oper at the end of the room until a sudden shence that fell on the babble and uproar round him made him look up; then he rose and gave the salute with the rest of his discomfited and awe-stricken Cecil looked at him a moment; he saw troopers. Chateauroy with a brilliant The Colonel flashed an eagle glance

slighting or annoying a soldier.
"So be it. Thank you." he said, as he house!"
"He discipline! You shall go and do this pretty work at the guard-house!" (To Be Continued.)

HINTS FOR THE HOME

Lamb Stew with Peas.

Take off the scum, add a tablespoon flavor, salt and a quart of shelled peas, Cover the stewpan and let them stew for half Cherry Pudding.

How to Solve the

HERE is the solution of the merryso-round puzzle in yesterday's

Byening. World: There must
with furning on lemon, pour over the merry-go-round. Those who rode ahead with warm, sweet sauce. of Willie at the same time came behind As there were twelve of them. Strawberry Sauce. him. As there were twelve of them
we simply add three-quarters of twelve
so one-third of twelve, which gives
to one-third of twelve, which gives
cream. Add some crushed strawthirteen, the total number including

an hour. Mix a tablespoon of flour OT the scrag on breast of lamb in to the stow. Let it simmer ten minutes, inch pieces and put in stewpan, Serve with new potatoes boiled. Add a with just enough water to cover it. little pepper and mace if you like the

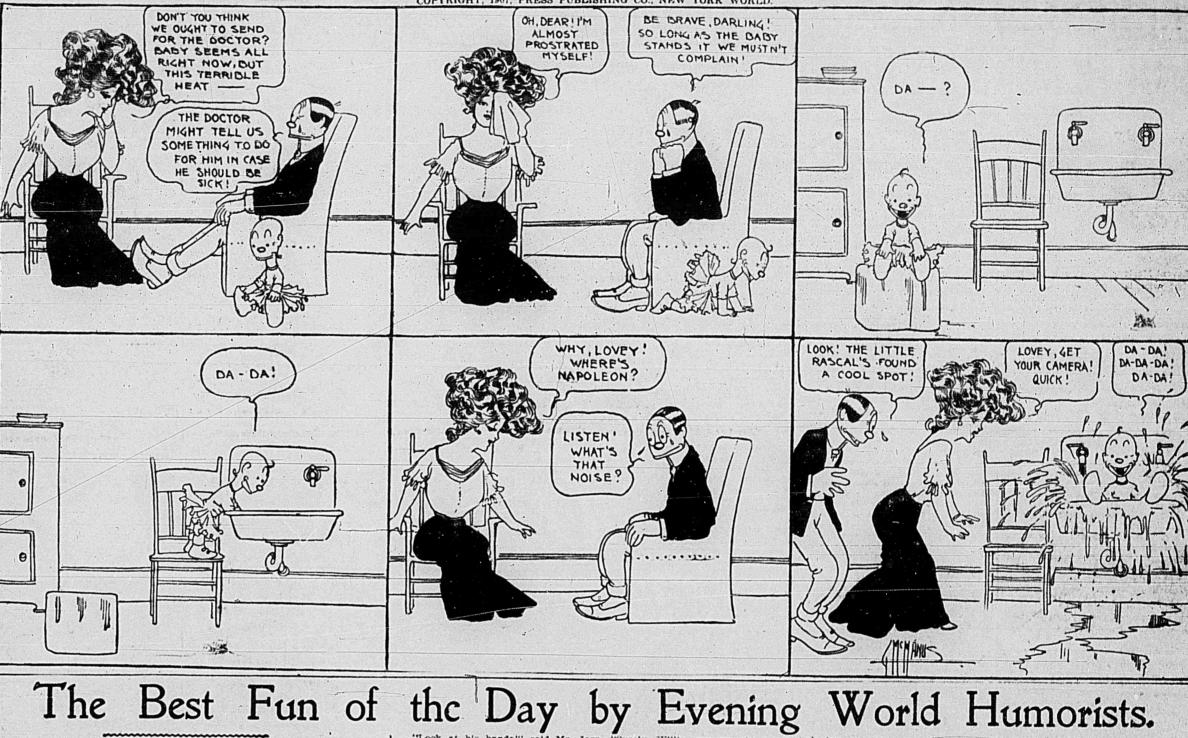
DUT pitted and sweetened cherries an inch deep or so in the bottom of. a padding-dish. Take 1 cup of sugar, beaten to a cream with 2 tea-Merry-Go-Round Puzzle spoons of butter, add 1 egg, 1 cup of vening, World: There must cherries and bake. Then turn from the been thirteen children on that dish, having the fruit on top, and serve

The Newlyweds & Their Baby









The Jarr Family's Daily Jars.

By Roy L. McCardell.

R. AND MRS. JARR and the two little Jarrs were M at dinner, "During "During the bot weather Mrs. Kittingly won" even light her gas range; she says it makes her apartments so warm," said Mrs. Jarr.

"Is she one of those uncooked food cranks?" asked "No, indeed!" said Mrs. Jarr; "on the contrary. But she goes out to dinner at some of the big restaurants.

Generally she's invited out, but if she isn't she goes and dines alone." "I'd soon get tired of restaurant cooking. It all tastes

CUMMER makes many romances, but it spoils a lot

it, is due solely to the soaring thermometer. In the

melting temperature of ninety in the shade love affairs

that have weathered the winter without a single jarring

disagreement may go to pieces unless much patience

and some philosophy are possessed by the lovers.

more. The warm weather quarrel between lovers

is frequent, and however much they may disguise

alike," said Mr. Jarr. "Still, it is very pleasant to dine out at a nice place," said Mrs. Jarr. "No worry or bother. No smell of cooking. and if anything is burned or doesn't suit you, you can send it back and order

something else, which is more than one can do at home. Mrs. Kittingly is lucky to have her alimony every week and nothing to bother her." "Hum! "Would you prefer alimony and a dinner all to yourself in a big

restaurant?" asked Mr. Jarr. "I didn't mean it would be pleasant for me; I mean it must be pleasant

"It is a great comfort to have your little family around you," said Mr. Jarr "Look out! Little Emily will upset the cream!" "Eat your crusts, Willie!" cried Mrs. Jarr. "'Wilful waste makes woeful want.' Some day you may wish you had those crusts."

real thing, and the Greek god of last January turns before their eyes into the

rumpled, perspiring youth of July, she must lay her doubts entirely to the thermometer and not blame John for the effect of the weather on her nerves.

And John must be equally broad-minded about the defects of disposition and

The summer quarrel is as frequent as the summer romance. Try to avoid

been promising to come and take
me out, but always disappoints me.
That can I do to forget his love?
PERPLEXED.

Dear Betty:
WOULD it be proper for a young lady who will leave the city for a short time to invite a young man she

Stop thinking about him. By and has known for about a year and who

by you'll forget him. A young man has taken her out a number of times

who breaks his promises is not worthy to visit her and to stay over Sunday?

Dear Beity: 1 AM a young girl and my beau has He Wants to Visit Her.

Don't Be Discontented

appearance a torrid summer day reveals in Mary.

it and remain friends

How Forget His Love?

know better than to come to the table with dirty hands!"

"Go wash them this minute!" said Mrs. Jarr. "And, as I was going to say," began Mr. Jarn-"Emma, don't kick the table that way. Keep your feet still."

"I wish you would give her a good talking to about that awful habit she has of kicking, kicking all the time!" said Mrs. Jarr. "As I was going to say," began Mr. Jarr again,

"There!" said Mrs. Jarr to the little girl. "And I'll smack you good ever time I see you putting your hands in anything! Now, look at your dress; declare if I put twenty dresses on that child a day she'd have them all dirt; I simply can't keep a girl on account of the wash, and I don't blame them, the girls I mean! When I was a little girl I were one frock a day and no more except, maybe, a white one in the late afternoon if I had been very good, or it company came. But Emma! I never saw such a child. I put a clean dress on her and in five minutes it is a sight!"

"As I was going to say," began Mr. Jarr again—"Willie!" (this to the little boy who was "making faces" at the discomfiture of his little sister)—"Willie if you don't behave I'll send you from the table!"

The little girl, who had grown white when her mother slapped her but had not wept, now burst into loud screams!" "Willie ticked me," she cried; "Willie ticked me!"

IT'S ADVICE TO LOVERS

L. J. H.

"I didn't," cried the boy; "she's always tattling on me!"
"I do declare!" said Mrs. Jarr. "Whatever is getting into you children? A person doesn't have a moment's peace and comfort with you!" "I thought I told you to wash your hands, sir," exclaimed Mr. Jarr in a harsh

an't find the soap," said the boy.

THE WARM WEATHER QUARREL. She will be boarding with a party she some hope of our making up. Since has boarded with before, and there will that time I have met a nice fellow

If Mary engaged to John begins to wonder on some so long, I can see no impropriety in sume his acquaintance. If he is sensimidsummer afternoon if their affinity is, after all, the his visiting you over Sunday.

Dear Betty:

Dear Betty:

Her Birthday Gift.

IIILL you please suggest a few ar-

You know her tastes. If she plays

Must Drop One-Which?

"Well, leave the table and don't come back till you have found the soap and used plenty of it!" said Mr. Jarr. The boy left the table sullenly and Mr. Jarr turned to his wife and began: "As I was going to say"-"Emma, eat your rice pudding!" said Mrs. Jarr, observing the little girl was

be at the house about ten boarders. whom I like. What should I do if I Remember that all will be strangers ex-

cept the lady of the house, whom I only met under such conditions before.

Which one should I drop? L. T. A. Do not be unkind to either of them.

As you are practically at home at this envise you to tell the latter one that

boarding place and have known both you have made up your misunderstand-

If the which would be appropriate to give a young lady for a birth-

the landlady and the gentleman friend ing with the first, and wish to re-

If you prefer the first man, I would

ble he will appreciate your sincerity. If

not he is not worthy of your friendship.

age and am keeping company with a

boy, but it may not result disastrously

Maid 32, Youth 17.

"I don' wan' any wice puddin'," bleated the little girl. "I tant eat wire "You won't eat anything that's good and healthy for you!" said Mrs. Jarr. You eat it all or you'll get the worst whipping-what were you going to say?

he added, turning to Mr. Jarr.

The scream of a frightened cat rent the air and then a yell from Willie. "Willie put de tat under the water and de tat stratched him! goody!" cried

e little girl as if greaty overjoyed. "I was only giving her a drink!" bellowed the boy. At which the little girl

aned far over, craning her neck to see how badly her brother was scratched. n so doing she lost her balance and fell out of her chair, pulling the rice pudding and a few other articles of tableware over on her "What were you going to say?" asked Mrs. Jarr. looking at her husband

after some semblance of quiet was restored. "I was going to say your friend, Mrs. Kittingly, is a wise guy!" snapped Mr. Jarr.

"Because sho gets alimony?" asked Mrs. Jarr. "No; because she has no children and gets her meals in peace!" said Mr. Jara

New York Thro' Funny Glasses

By Irvin S. Cobb.



in the ungarnered high grass the nonular demand is for the solid and durable theatrical forms of favored places, like Canton, O., and Prairie Grove the summer stock companies are all to the Camembert at this

Nixareenums on the singing show for the third-class town. Any time its prosperous and wide progressive citizens desire any singing they'll do it themselves, or go to When the recording secretary of Local No. 1,009, of the Retail Clerks' Union, gives up his good two bits for front row seats for self and lady in a metal-roofed summer theatre that has been standing out in the hot sun all day warping its tin shingles, it stands to reason that he will not be satisfied with any of this here opery foolishness. He

desires the worth of his money. "Lady Audley's Secret" generally goes on at the Sheetiron Casino in beautiful Druid Park about the first week in August, with specialties between the acts and complete changes of illustrated songs after the evening performance, preceding the departure of the last car across the bullfrog reservations and the galifnipper preserves for the sleeping city.

After which the troopers do a number of unkind things to dear old "Hazel Kirke." If there should come a particularly warm spell it is customary to put on "Northern Lights" or "Sea of Ice." There is nothing that gives a provincial audience more pleasure than to sit and watch a group of actor-folks who are wearing bearskin buggy robes, borrowed from the wholesale harness store, and freezing to death with great realism on a property loeberg made out of soap boxes and oilcloth, while their respective make-ups drip off their noses and patter down upon the stage; and the stage bands, stripped to their sleevelesses, stand at ease in the wings intercepting the vagrom breath from the buzz fan and laughing merrily among themselves.

Then there is the truly delightful society reception for the regular patrons following the Saturday matinee, when the new white goods clerk at the Rackel young man of seventeen. As he is Store, who is thinking of going on the stage himself, and has in fact already or sings, music is suitable. Books are making a good salary do you think we made a start by joining Reb. Wagner's Silver Cornet Band to play second clarionet-he gets a chance to clasp the friendly hand of Harry La Pearl, the favorite of your love. Don't break your heart always acceptable. Flowers are also should get married? He tells me I look pretty. If your purse permits, and if you feel especially generous, you might appropriately arrange to take her to the theatre on her birthday.

about eighteen and he would like to get married in six years. I am very handsome.

C. C. G. comedian, and all the girls of the Main street set go away vowing that they just know the leading man must have a secret sorrow in his life, because he has those lovely locks of gray hair around his temples, and such a noble expression It is rather risky to marry such a and a frock coat that certainly does fit him like a dream.

Whereas, here in the city we desire the frothsome and frollesome form of summer diversion. To dish up those light and airy trifles for us we procure I have known of very happy marriages playwrights who cannot think up thoughts of more than one syllable. Also we HAVE been going with a young where a sensible, motherly woman has married a man much younger. Harmony determines attractions and not age. You had a quarrel. There seems to be must decide for yourself. utter loud acclaims of joy when the vaudeville managers slide out a programme for the roof garden which begins with the Suds City Quartette singing "My Sarsaparilla Sue," and proceeds thence in a southerly direction to the troupe of educated earwigs and the knockabout team, who walk upon each other's features and are willing to lose a front tooth for a laugh, any time. By Albert Carmichael

THE FUNNY PART: We think we know more than the Hay-Tossers.

By Margaret Hubbard Ayer.

Health and Beauty.

USE OF PUMICESTONE.



Try this method of using pumicestone for removing superfluous hair from PENALTY OF BLEACHING. the arms: Get an ordinary five-cent cake of pumice-stone. This is not ide. It will make a shade or two darks:

pumice-sone, but the regular old-fashioned pumice-stone To remove the hair rub the dod with the superfluous the numicestone will wear the numicestone will wear the numicestone will wear the control of the superfluous the numicestone will wear the numices the numices the numices that the numices that has not been already tampered with, but you cannot mix chemicals in this reckless fashion and expect the results to be entirely sufficient to the results to the sufficient to the results to the sufficient to the results to the results to the re

